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A WALTONIAN DIALOGUE.

VIATOR (to the READER): It behoveth me, gentle Reader, to acquaint thee that I am a man given to wandering over the face of the earth, and that my travels have taken me into many strange places and among many curious peoples. Thou knowest that the contemplative soul findeth sweet and rich pasture in any field whereunto it happeneth to stray, altho' the surface thereof be barren to the common eye. Thus it was that I took delight in once sojourning within the bounds of a little island of the Western Seas. That island beareth many names. The ancient inhabitants called it Prydain, which hath no meaning that I wot of. Its neighbours avow that Parefeed is the proper style, but there be many that stand out for Gubmuh, because, quoth they, the word, if looked into, is found apt and true. Of this matter, esteemed Reader, I judge not, nor doth it signify. The Island hath many strange sights, and the people many curious manners, of which I cannot now speak. I desire to acquaint thee merely with what chanced one day when I betook me for a walk in the fields near unto the chief city of the land. My way lay along the banks of a stream overhung in parts by trees, and running through verdant meadows, on beholding which the heart rejoiced and the eyes were glad. There were many birds that sang with cheerful notes, bees sucked honey from the wild flowers, and butterflies sported around. Overhead, the sun played bo-peep among the clouds, while the shadows ran away from his face. All Nature seemed merry, till, of a sudden, I came upon a grave man, who, with a fishing rod in his hand, looked steadfastly at the stream. Unto him I drew near for such talk as seemed good. Then I saw that instead of a basket the Piscator had a large vessel full of water wherein many fish of divers kinds were swimming.

THE DIALOGUE.

VIATOR: I give thee good day, worthy Piscator. Hath much sport rewarded thy pains and skill?

PISCATOR: Truly, Viator, it is not bad, considering how divers envious and marplot men do stir up and befoul the waters in these parts.

VIATOR: Ill-favoured must they be to meddle with such gentle craft as thine.

PISCATOR: In sooth thou art right to say so; but they declare I am no true angler.

VIATOR: I do observe that thou hast strange bait. But wherefore dost thou keep thy fish alive?

PISCATOR: I will explain that to thee, worthy Viator, and as the sun is high in the heavens, let us sit awhile under this spreading tree, and share the provisions with which my wallet is stored.

VIATOR: I thank thee friend Piscator, but most for thy good company and worthy speech.

PISCATOR: That is as it may be, but indeed the provisions be not bad, seeing that they come from the sign of the Three Plumes, where as all know in these parts, there is good entertainment.

VIATOR: Methinks I have heard of that Inn as a place of merry cheer for anglers.

PISCATOR: Thou hast heard aright, but let thy stomach testify to the excellence of this wine which goeth by the name of sawdor, and is mighty soft on the palate.

VIATOR: I thank thee again, good Piscator, and will do justice thereto, for by reason of long walking, I am sharp set. Now prithee tell me if there be good fish and plentiful in these streams.

PISCATOR: We could converse on nothing that pleaseth me more. The fish, indeed, be very plentiful, and of many good kinds, but so shy withal that skill goeth a little way to fill the angler's basket. He who would catch them must use what thou hast already called strange bait.

VIATOR: But prithee, tell me, if I may know, why thou keepest the fish alive in yonder vessel of water.

PISCATOR: The story is long, gentle Viator, and thou art weary.

VIATOR: Nay, thy talk will cheer me, and I am refreshed already by the soft sawdor of the Three Plumes.

PISCATOR: Well, as thou wilt. Know, then, that this Island of Gubmuh is blessed with a lord who taketh delight in the singing of birds.

VIATOR: Indeed, I am not astonished thereat, for as I came hither I observed the sweet and plentiful warbling of the feathered choristers.

PISCATOR: Truly, they pipe amain; but his lordship careth little for what one of our poets called "native wood-notes wild." He hath heard that in some neighbouring lands the birds of best song are caught, straightway put into aviaries, and there fed with food which presently maketh them warble so as to be the delight of princes and nobles, and the ravishment of all. On learning this, our good lord, who thinketh that Gubmuh should be outdone by no country under the sun, resolved to have an aviary near one of his parks for the training of song-birds equal to the best in foreign lands.

VIATOR: In good sooth, I commend his lordship. But methinks, friend Piscator, I have heard of aviaries long established in Gubmuh.

PISCATOR: Thou mayest easily have done so, for such there be. His lordship knows, however, that the birds therein are not fed in the right way. Besides, the aviaries are not near his parks, and



they belong to common people. So he hath an aviary of his own, in the control of which he is advised by the dignified and superior persons with whom a man of his rank consorteth.

VIATOR: Verily, Piscator, it is goodly and pleasant to see dignified and superior persons direct the energies of their luminous brains to pursuits so harmless.

PISCATOR: Prithee, have one more drink. Thou takest kindly, I observe, to the sawdor.

VIATOR: I do, for it is a goodly liquor. But how doth his lordship's aviary concern thy angling?

PISCATOR: There thou comest to the point—of the rod, if thou wilt pardon a poor joke. I answer that his lordship hath made deep study of the best food for singing birds, and hath found out that certain fish, if caught and kept alive, may be made to spawn most admirable sustenance. Moreover, his research teacheth him to devise bait that overcometh the shyness of these creatures and infallibly catcheth them.

VIATOR: How wise a lord! Doubtless thou art using his lordship's bait! and now I know why thy fish are alive in yonder vessel.

PISCATOR: Thou divinest well. For that matter, indeed, I am one of my lord's anglers, sent out to catch fish for the sustenance of his birds.

VIATOR: Right glad do I feel at having met thee, dear Piscator. All this interesteth me amain. Tell me, now, what fish there be that yield the spawn, and what bait so surely allureth them.

PISCATOR: That will I cheerily, good Viator. Thou seest that all the fish be large and weighty; indeed a small and lean fish availeth nothing, by the token that they have no spawn worth the taking. Of the desirable fish there be various kinds. One sort is called the peer, but this fish seldom yieldeth spawn, though often full of it. The creature, however, hath a strange power of charming other fish. Where it goeth many inferior kinds follow, and if it but point its nose at the bait the rest will rush to swallow it.

VIATOR: Then I take it, good Piscator, that the peer is a useful fish in its way.

PISCATOR: It serveth well for a decoy, and may sometimes be caught, but to that end it is needful to use a very rare bait called the garter worm. It swalloweth that worm with avidity, and pity 'tis the bait is scarce.

VIATOR: I rejoice more and more, worthy Piscator, in that I have met thee. Thou art a mine of curious knowledge.

PISCATOR: There is this also to be observed of the fish called the peer, that only my lord's family catcheth it. By an ancient law of our land all the garter worms are kept for their use.

VIATOR: Nevertheless, there be more common bait and general?

PISCATOR: In plenty, for the commoner kinds of fish, such as the mayor.

VIATOR: Indeed I have heard of that fish. I pray thee inform me further concerning it.

PISCATOR: Willingly, good Viator. The mayor is a frequent fish in this country, loving much the

streams near large towns, for it is a coarse fish, and a gross feeder. It spawneth abundantly, and therefore serveth well for my lord, who taketh delight in a big catch of it.

VIATOR: What bait is used for the taking of the mayor fish?

PISCATOR: There be many. Thus it loveth the letter worm. There is also a worm called the smile, and another of finer flavour, known by the strange name of the handshake. My lord hath caught very many mayors with these baits. But principally doth the fish rise to a fly styled the visit, and most of all to a very dainty fly, the knighthood. This last the mayor never faileth to jump at. Of late, however, the knighthood fly hath taken to breeding freely, and is become common, which causeth some anglers to opine that the fish will sooner or later have a surfeit and reject it.

VIATOR: But that time is not yet?

PISCATOR: Truly thou may'st say so, worthy Viator. The knighthood fly is a great killer still, and if the fish but see one on the hook all the mayors in the stream come to the angler with open mouths. A curious sight it is, I do assure thee, Viator, to see them jostle each other in their great desire.

VIATOR: Truly, it must be strange, and much I wish to look thereon.

PISCATOR: I would oblige thee willingly, but just now I have not a knighthood left.

VIATOR: Doth this bait kill other fish?

PISCATOR: Big fish of many kinds will rise to it, and it can be so used to draw the smaller fry as that, in expectation thereof, they will swallow a commoner bait.

VIATOR: In sooth, excellent Piscator, I could sit till Luna sheds her light on this fair scene, listening to such talk as thine.

PISCATOR: Prithee, no more, lest I grow vain without reason. I am only one of my lord's anglers, and know my craft. The sun waxeth hotter. Drink again of the sawdor, and let me follow. The good wine groweth softer as the bottom is approached, even as meat becometh sweeter nearer the bone.

VIATOR: Better even than the wine is thy discourse.

PISCATOR: I will tell thee now of another fish, variously named the artist and the manager. It is a creature fantastic and strange, of most rare habits, and highly valued by my lord, for a reason whereat thou wilt wonder. This fish seldom hath spawn of its own, but it performs such curious antics in the water that always many fish of other kinds come round and, for very admiration (if the season be fitting), shed their spawn, which this odd denizen of the streams straightway swalloweth. Then it is worth the catching for my lord's aviary.

VIATOR: Most rare fish indeed!

PISCATOR: Yea, and a tricksey. It often giveth the angler trouble, but I have heard say that it can be caught by tickling, which is not true sport. My lord, however, hath a worm and a fly of great killing power. The name of the worm is patronage. No

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sooner doth the fish see this than it beginneth to caper and jump amain (some say that it hath been known to sing, whereas I have heard only curious noises) and groweth so big on the spawn of the fish drawn around that it is a very precious catch for my lord. Only a little while ago a multitude of these strange creatures appeared, my lord himself angling, and performed such antics as to be the wonder of all who looked thereon.

VIATOR: This is most marvellous!

PISCATOR: But for the finest fish of the kind—which be apt to rise—his lordship useth a mighty desirable fly, called the dinner fly. It is a dead killer, and my lord hath been known to catch a dozen fine fellows at a cast. Of other fish I could tell thee, but the sun is fast westing, and I must needs pursue my sport amongst the scaly creatures.

VIATOR: It would ill beseem me to hinder thee, courteous Piscator. Yet, tell me, doth thy lord's aviary prosper. Is it large? and hath he many singing birds of renown?

PISCATOR: In sooth the aviary is not as his lordship would have it, for, though his anglers be out on every stream, the spawn needed is more than they can furnish.

VIATOR: Fish, nevertheless, be plentiful, and, as thou sayest, the bait killing!

PISCATOR: True, good Viator. Thou reckonest not, however, with cross-grained men who oft disturb the streams and befoul the waters.

VIATOR: Wherefore do they this?

PISCATOR: They say we have already singing birds enough—more than can pick up a living on the crumbs thrown to them; they declare that my lord's aviary is no better than others, and eke they avow that it will do no good to anybody save the men who look after it and the anglers who, like myself, catch the fish for spawn. So they do their best to spoil our sport.

VIATOR: These surely be envious souls.

PISCATOR: Thou art right, and I counsel thee to keep away from them lest they poison thy mind with subtle words, such as it is the business of some of them to use.

VIATOR: I will avoid them, excellent Piscator; and now I bid thee good day, with many thanks for thy curious and edifying discourse, not forgetting thy wine.

PISCATOR: Fare thee well, Viator, and be careful to bestow thy patronage at the sign of the Three Plumes, on the hill yonder, where is good entertainment.

VIATOR: That will I right heartily, for another draught of the soft sawdor will do me no harm.

[VIATOR (to the Reader): As I went on my way, kind Reader, there came to mind a ditty of my country, which beginneth thus:—

"O, the birds and the beasts and the fish in the sea,

If you study them aright you are bound to agree

That very, very like unto men they be."

The rest of the song my memory recalleth not. And now farewell.]

JOSEPH BENNETT.

REMINISCENCES OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS ABROAD.

VIII.—ROME.

My acquaintance with the Eternal City—a close and loving one, at least on my part—began and ended under the Papal dispensation. Royal Rome is unknown to me. When I last sojourned within her venerable precincts, she was the capital of the Catholic world; since which time she has possibly gained in vitality, but certainly lost in dignity, by becoming the *chef-lieu* of a single nation—a mere centre of fussy, futile politics and fashionable mundane vanities. If there was anything that the ecclesiastical régime, prevailing throughout the Papal States only thirteen years ago, more especially abominated than another, it was innovation. To remain at a stand-still, gravely, serenely, decorously, was the height of authority's ambition—I mean, in all secular matters, such as administration, science, literature and the arts. Progress and emancipation were highly objectionable words to the clerical dignitaries who comfortably ruled the Roman roast in anti-Ecumenical days; for those worthies held them to be convertible terms with Iconoclasm and Anarchy. It is not exaggerative to say that a passive dislike to new things and ideas pervaded Roman society, civil as well as religious, at the time I refer to. Prosaic architecture, "impressionist" painting, narrative music; the revelations of chemists and geologists, the bold conjectures of modern philosophers and eager enterprise of Latter-Day journalists were all regarded with distrust and apprehension by the upper and middle classes, who sided almost unanimously with stone against stucco, Raphael against Maret, Bellini and Donizetti against Berlioz and Wagner, the Fathers against Faraday and Darwin, Machiavelli against Schopenhauer, and the "Osservatore Romano" against the "Perseveranza." Owing to this prevalent indisposition to accept or even tolerate novelty on the part of its native inhabitants, rich and poor, Rome—whilst the Cross-Keys banner still floated above St. Angelo—was the most old-world capital in civilised Europe. Its conservatism may have been at some time or other, before I became familiar with its characteristics, more artificial than real, or less voluntary than compulsory. But it had become a second nature to all sorts and conditions of Romans when I lived among them and got, by their own admission, to know them well.

The attitude of the Papal Government towards music in particular, whether sacred or secular, was a curious combination of the inflexible conservatism above alluded to, of celibate prudery and cynical indulgence. In all musical performances of a public character, at church as well as in theatres and concert-rooms, the influence of this quaint blending was plainly apparent. I have heard hundreds of masses with orchestral and organ accompaniments in Roman churches, and can confidently assert that nine-tenths of them were by old and comparatively obscure composers, such as

Morales, Carpentrasso, Ruffo, Festa, Pierre de la Rue, Vittoria and Anerio, the remaining tenths being chiefly by ancient and distinguished writers, for example, Palestrina, Carissini and Allegri. I do not remember hearing anything, belonging to this class of work, more modern than Jomelli and Paisiello. But, in the matter of voluntaries, almost unbounded license was allowed to the organist, who might and did, as his fancy happened to prompt him in that direction, introduce airs from nineteenth-century operas, and even popular melodies, into his reminiscences or arrangements of sacred strains. I was particularly struck with some startling contrasts of this kind afforded by a splendid performance given in honour of the Bambino—an effigy of the Infant Saviour usually kept in the church of Ara Cœli—at which I was fortunate enough to be present on New Year's Eve, 1869, during a brief interval between two important sessions of the Œcumenical Council. To this function, celebrated in the Gesù, one of the most gorgeous fanes in Christendom, all the Royal personages then in Rome had been specially invited. Pius IX. himself sang mass, and pronounced the benediction. It was an occasion of extraordinary solemnity and splendour; but to me, I confess, its most interesting feature was the music. Then—strange as it may appear, for the first time, though I had already spent several months in Rome—did I hear really good singing and admirable, soul-enthraling organ playing.

The Gesù is possessed of three organs, not very powerful or rich in combinations, but exquisitely sweet-toned and in perfect tune—at least, they were so thirteen years ago; one in either wing, or arm of the cross in the shape of which the church is built; the third just above the main entrance opposite the high altar. On these charming instruments, for more than an hour before the Pontiff's arrival at the church door, did three accomplished organists successively play voluntaries, movements from masses, and selections from familiar Italian operas. As soon as the final resolution of some glorious old fugue—the subject of which seemed to be struggling in the toils of counterpoint, like Laocoön with the serpents—had died out amid the solemn thunder of the pedal pipes, a sweet melody from *Lucia*, *L'Italiano in Algeri*, or *Ernani* would steal upon the ear from another quarter in all the plaintive tenderness of a mellow wooden flute-stop. And then, almost before this insinuating song had melted away into silence, its last lingering note would be drowned in the joyous chords of some sturdy old "Jubilate," square, simple, and just sufficiently aping the fugal form to interest the scientific musician, while delighting the not-scholastically trained ear. It was, indeed, a plenteous regale of sound, thoughtfully arranged and tastefully served. Meanwhile, flitting forms arrayed in white and violet vestments were lighting up the countless candles round the Holy of Holies till the sheeny marbles of the great altar flashed again with prismatic reflections. Suddenly, while an inspiration of supreme tunefulness was enthraling my

senses in the purest of raptures, heavy curtains were let fall over the gallery windows, shutting out the golden sunbeams and enveloping the body of the church in mysterious shadow, whilst the altar illumination of tapers shone out with tenfold brilliancy. As a *coup de théâtre*, it was the most splendid effect I had ever hitherto seen introduced into an ecclesiastical spectacle. Soon afterwards the venerable Pope arrived, attended by a gorgeous *cortège* of Cardinals, Bishops, torchbearers, Swiss Guards, Roman Senators and Knights of Malta. His advent was greeted by a fine choral rendering of a sprightly antique *motet*, accompanied by silvern bells, triangles innumerable, all three organs and twelve trumpets. The church itself was magnificently decorated with Gobelin tapestries, velvet hangings and a profusion of fresh flowers; and in front of the altar was displayed the Bambino himself under a blaze of concentrated light. As Pio Nono crossed the threshold of the Gesù five hundred muskets clashed, brought sharply to the "Present!" by the battalion on duty within the sacred edifice. The whole effect, to eye and ear, was simply inimitable and never-to-be-forgotten.

A painful contrast, in the way of musical entertainments of an ecclesiastical order, to the above performance in the Gesù, was afforded by a Midnight Mass I was induced by treacherous persuasion to attend on Christmas Eve at San Luigi dei Francesi. My betrayer, I need scarcely say, was an Englishman who had "done the thing himself." Roman friends never advise you to indulge in recreations of that class. If you ask them what they think of such diversions they are apt to shrug their shoulders, slightly shake a significant fore-finger and smile a caustic Italian smile. It is your Briton or American who "knows Rome" that will insist upon your seeing and hearing everything most inconvenient and costly to be seen and heard, and will even go with you—should you require the inducement of company to persuade you, against your better judgment, to sacrifice time and comfort upon the altar of morbid curiosity—cynically resolved that, suffer what he may, you at least shall not be spared one drop of that bitter cup he has already drained to the dregs. On the 24th December, 1869, a peculiarly malignant compatriot had fervently assured me that, at San Luigi dei Francesi, I should hear strains of celestial harmony and contemplate a dazzling illumination in celebration of the Nativity Morn. It was a wet night. On such occasions conveyances vanish from the streets of Rome with mysterious unanimity. Before I got to the church I was moister than is compatible with unalloyed physical comfort, and a ten minutes' episode of exposure to rain on the broad steps, whilst striving to wriggle my way through a motley throng of damp Zouaves, peasants, pickpockets, and professional beggars, brought me to a condition of humidity that could scarcely have been surpassed had I been dipped bodily into the Tiber. After much labour and tribulation I at length succeeded in entering the sacred edifice. The first vileness that assailed one of my senses was a mosaic of

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stenches, amongst which was chiefly distinguishable the malodours of garlic, incense, candle-snuff, boiling grease, damp cloth, and shoe-leather. The next, outraging another sense, was a nondescript noise, respecting which I soon had to ask myself, "What may this be, that offends my ears and, in less than a minute, has worn out my patience? Is it, haply, the heavenly harmony promised to me—are these the sublime strains that could not by any possibility fail to transport my ravished soul to realms of bliss?" It was; they were! Any score or so of blind beggars, British-born and musically proclivious, picked up at random in London streets and set to intone a Catnach ballad in, say sixty verses, could have matched, in every respect, the performance of the San Luigi choristers on that dread Christmas Eve. Moreover, there was an altogether intolerable organ, quivering with senility and divided against itself—one of its registers being an eighth of a tone sharper than the other, and both woefully out of tune. Upon this instrument of torture some organist in his novitiate had been instructed to do his worst; and most conscientiously did he fulfil his mission. For instance, whenever the choir had dimly drifted into the tonic chord, he would burst out joyously into that of the two dominants, or wail a plaintive relative minor. None of his dissonant vagaries, however, for a moment disturbed the choristers, or hindered them from plodding doggedly on with gruesome sonority, more nasal than laryngean. The effect was indescribably bewildering—something like a tale of Hoffmann illustrated by Retzsch and set to music by the fiddler-fiend who once appeared to Tartini in a dream. "Thus," methought, "must they sing in Dante's Fifth Circle, where circumstances over which its inmates have no control render their manner of passing the time exceptionally repugnant to their feelings and tastes." Only to those endowed by Providence with nerves of oak and triple brass is it given to endure much of such Tartarean grunting, aggravated by the discordant spasms of a bad organ writing under unskillfully administered persecution. After suffering a brief and unmerited agony, I struggled forth into the rain with all the haste and eagerness of one pursued by the Avenger. Ever since that fearsome experience I have been accustomed to think of the Christmas Eve choral service performed at San Luigi dei Francesi as the Stomach-ache of Sound.

Extremes meet—a proverb happily exemplified by the circumstance that the very same Papal authorities who were so genially tolerant of operatic airs in church declined to permit the performance of certain operas in any Roman theatre until they had undergone a searching revision at the hands of the Pontifical Censor (a singularly straightlaced Monsignore, whose acquaintance I made during my sojourn in the Eternal City), frequently resulting in sweeping alterations of their plots, dialogue, and even names, for reasons only apparent to the ecclesiastical mind. Titles of works which are household words in every country of Europe

suffered a police change when at Rome in the days of Pio Nono. A meaningless alias was bestowed upon our old friend *Rigoletto*; the *Traviata* was modestly transformed into *Violetta*; *La Forza del Destino* became *Dorina*, and so forth, in at least a dozen instances. The quality of the performances by no means atoned for the liberties taken with text and title. It was uniformly execrable, for the management, considering anything good enough for the merely musical public of Rome, concentrated all its energies, intelligence and outlay upon the production of attractive ballets, to which the reverend Quæstor and his tonsured subordinates entertained no kind of objection on the ground of morality or decorum. In Rome a ballet of this description used to run—and probably still does so—through a whole season, filling the Tordinone every night, and hummed, more or less loudly, by the entire audience. Italians will not be deterred from giving tongue to their likes and dislikes with a freedom unknown to us frigid islanders; and, sitting in the Apollo stalls amongst the *principini*, I used to hear the airs of *Brahma* (the ballet of that Ecumenical winter) chanted all around me by dandies of the first water, very seldom under their breath. As a rule Roman society did not attend the opera to listen to the music, but to chat, flirt and exchange scandals. Having philosophically made up their minds that they were doomed, as far as the singing was concerned, to be *strappazati*, or put upon and tormented, the nobles and wealthy *bourgeois* resigned themselves cheerfully to their fate, and treated the theatre as though it were a drawing-room in which a private musical party was being held; *i.e.*, they never paid the least attention to the performance provided for their amusement, but indulged in *chiacchiere* to their hearts' content.

To the native circles of Rome, in Papal times, classical music was all but unknown. Not even by combining the professional and amateur executant resources was it feasible to get up a stringed-quartet party. Very few of the Roman matrons or virgins were pianists; and those few, with a brilliant exception or two, played insignificantly or viciously. There was but one good fiddler to be met in Roman salons—Ramaciotti, a fine artist and polished gentleman—and he was only "in society" as *le mari de sa femme*, having espoused a marchioness whose family and friends, whilst deeply resenting his musical talent, tolerated his presence at their receptions upon her account. Arthur Strutt—most genial, learned, and hospitable of Anglo-Romans—made him known to me soon after my arrival, and during the ensuing six months we "made much music" together, greatly to our mutual satisfaction and comfort. The German Club was the centre of culture and exercise in matters musical. Its weekly gatherings were not unfrequently honoured by a visit from the inimitable Canonico, Ferencz Liszt, whose favourite pupils, from time to time, made their social *début* at that jolly rendezvous of art-students, diplomatists, travelling celebrities, and good fellows of all nationalities. It was there—not at the Sala Dantesca, Rome's only concert-room—

that I first heard Sgambati and Ketler, two of Liszt's *alumni* who have since then earned European reputations as exponents of his works. The one really musical salon of Rome was that of the Princess Pallavicini, to which my kind old friend, Cardinal Haynald, himself an excellent pianist and ripe musician, procured me the *entrée*. But, with the exception of Ramaciotti, Sgambati, and Pinelli, a nephew and pupil of the Roman violinist, all the performers at the "Pallavicini Wednesdays" were of foreign birth and training. Of course, in so cosmopolitan a city as Rome, first-class amateur pianists and vocalists abounded throughout the winter season. Pre-eminent amongst the former was Mrs. Astor, the mother of Willie Astor, then studying sculpture in Tadolini's studio, and now U.S. Minister at the Court of King Humbert; amongst the latter Mr. Odo Russell, then Second Secretary of the British Legation at Florence, but residing at Rome *en mission spéciale*, and now Lord Ampthill, G.C.B., a Privy Councillor and H.B.M. Ambassador to the German Emperor. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis!"

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

ORGANS AND BAGPIPES IN THE NORTH.

THE victory scored by Principal Rainy and his followers in the Free Church of Scotland Assembly on the vexed organ question was a foregone conclusion. Few, however, reckoned upon the splendid majority of 131 votes in a house which numbered 649 staunch upholders of the Free Kirk. The strength and character of the voting convey, moreover, an unanswerable reply to those who refuse to move with the spirit of the age. As things are now adjusted, each congregation is to have liberty in the matter of praise by machinery. Dr. Nixon was apprehensive, however, that the fiddle might find its way to his cherished Zion, and, though the venerable father from Montrose turned on floods of irony and withering sarcasm, yet it may be doubted whether he had spent his midnight oil to advantage in his reading of musical history. He was hardly correct in his deductions, nor did he show how, if "the heart is not the instrument of praise," an organ can be constructed *in* that rather vital region of one's body. But we do not concern ourselves to distraction on these points. Enough that the brethren simply roared at the "organic impossibility." The comic man, it need not be said, was present at the Assembly, and in all his pristine war paint. One example from his repertoire may suffice, and at random we hit upon the declaration which gave us to understand that "an organ was not needed in the Highlands, because the music of the Highlands was perfect without singing, and their singing was perfect without music." There is some mist to be cleared away here, and the curious will, doubtless, get out of the fog at their leisure. Another brother was wroth with "the new fangled young men and musical maidens," but these erring creatures of perdition may be safely left to take care of themselves, for nobody

worth powder and shot believes that the "Kist o' Whistles" is yet another device of the wicked one, a side wind which will sooner or later waft us Rome-wards. Sir Henry Moncrieff and Dr. Rainy, it may be here stated, were at one as to the undue prominence of this organ question, and both leaders agreed that it was a "miserable matter," a subject quite unworthy serious attention. Before now the lights of the old school have had their idols shattered. Such a conclusion is amply borne out by former experiences, and at the moment we recall the agitation amongst our friends north of the Tweed on hymns—not to say anything about the latitude now vouchsafed in other matters. Kneeling at prayer is, nevertheless, still viewed by the New-ington shepherd as a shocking posture, a wicked invention of the prelatical church; "hunkering" is irreverent, if it is not absolutely profane. Common sense eventually carried the day on the hymn question, and possibly the straight-laced amongst even the "Highland Host" came to perceive that the use and wont translation of the Psalms of King David had its droll side. The lines—

"A man was famous and was had in estimation,

According as he lifted up his axe thick trees upon"—are, in their way, inspiring, if not quite on a level with the poetry concerning Moab and the washing-pot, and the shoe. Years elapsed, however, before the fathers and brethren resiled, and authorised the use of a hymnal. And it is not too much to say that the book is now viewed by a large majority of the flock with feelings of satisfaction and comfort.

St. Dunstan had but hazy notions of the advent of a Dr. Begg when he introduced, and in such wholesale fashion, the naughty organ into this country. The dire innovation took place, oddly enough, about the period when the Russians, under Wladimir the Great, embraced Christianity. But at a much earlier date the Scotch clergy were not insensible to the "concord of sweet sounds." Did not the ecclesiastics who flourished when St. Columba held sway at Icolmkill, perform creditably on the harp? And were not the "Sang Scuil" teachers—the Bishop of Moray, the Bishop of Ross and other prelates—well skilled in the musical art? Above all, Luther himself was an enthusiast. He was, as everybody knows, proficient on both the flute and the lute, and the speculation is a fair one that the great Reformer could accompany on the organ "a simple Gregorian *cantus choralis*, or close the service with an easy voluntary." Is it not, then, little short of astounding that the clock should be put back—that at this time of day we are met with vigorous protests against the use of instrumental music in the church? The petitions, with their 82,000 signatures, which were aired at the recent May meeting, are identified with some rather odd language. For instance, the organ is referred to as "a Popish corruption" and a "suggestion of Satan." A craving for its service "implies a low and declining state of religious life." Praise ought to consist of "the fruit of our lips," in contradistinction to worship through the agency of wind chests, pallets and

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spring, pedal pipes and manuals. Further quotation is not necessary. It is more instructive to glance for a moment at another musical wind instrument which has kindled the ire of the stern Calvinist, and here the curious question arises why all this terrible wrath about "wind." That commodity—be it said with all due respect—is not unknown to well-meaning ones who "wag their heads in a poppit," and it is somewhat rough to deal hardly with the supply so modestly claimed by the bagpipes. Alas, the occupation of the Macrimmons is gone in the Western Isles. Sandy Mackenzie, the Husabost crofter, was quite clear on that point, as will have been seen from his recent evidence before the Commissioners. And Sandy being a representative man ought to know. The gospel, he told us, has done away with the "pipes;" the Free Church clergy have preached the old German Dudelsack down; it flourished only in the days of "the Papacy." Almost simultaneously with Sandy's somewhat startling evidence came the intelligence from another quarter that "fiddling" had been reconstituted a sin. The scant justice dealt out to the "pipes" may, after all, be a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as the exhilarating strains of the chaunter lead to unholy desires, to a "craving" for terpsichorean gyrations and kindred abominations of the flesh. Doubtless, the Western shepherds have had before them the untoward fate of the "Pope's Wife." The personage here referred to is, we hasten to say, the Wallachian priest who was known by the cognomen usually associated with the Vatican. The wicked Bakála had fairly bewitched the chief of the Greek Church, and all through the alluring sounds of the bagpipes. But the "Pope's" spouse scouted the idea that the humble chaunter could put her up or down. That was a courageous position. It was, however, promptly shattered, for the roguish musician tuned on his pipes to such serious purpose, that the fair one literally danced herself to death.

Left to itself, the Highland musical mind is genial and sympathetic. More, "Tonalt" and "Tougal" are not at all times sorely exercised with the sin of dancing. Give them the ghost of an opening for "tripping the light fantastic toe," and they will make the most of it. Thus, once upon a time, a couple of drovers found themselves snugly seated in the laird's pew. The organ was pealing forth its dulcet strains, to the intense amazement of the worthies, who had never before heard such wondrous sounds. There they sat, with open mouths, awaiting something strange to happen, they knew not what. But the lynx eye of the beadle was upon them, and rushing up to the sacred pew of the bloated Sassenach, the officer delivered himself in this wise:—"What are you twa Hieland deevils doing in ta laird's pew? Come oot o' that the noo." The more stolid of the two Celts, awakened thus rudely from his enjoyment of the music, heaved a sigh and rose to leave. "Aye, aye, she'll come," said the modest one, "but leave Tonalt, he's a grand dancer."

IN London, instead of having four opera-houses open all the year round, we are obliged to content ourselves with one, which is kept open just as long as the season lasts. This year we have, it is true, been enabled to hear operatic performances at two different theatres. But the representations of English Opera at Drury Lane and of Italian Opera at Covent Garden did not altogether extend over more than four months, and for eight months, counting from the close of the Royal Italian Opera, London will be without performances of dramatic music. Next year, however, we are promised at the National Opera House, waiting to be erected on the Thames Embankment, a quadruple arrangement by which four different styles of opera will be presented in succession—Italian, German, French, and English. The National Opera House, however, is not yet built. One cannot say that it is *in nubibus*. On the contrary, it has scarcely as yet raised its head above the level of the soil.

WHAT strange opinions have been entertained even by the greatest men as to the uses of music. In an instructive and entertaining, but little-known work by Sir Henry Taylor, called "The Statesman," music is recommended as an excellent mode of relaxation for overworked politicians; the author of "Philip van Artevelde" adding, in language for which musicians may thank him, that such a mode of relaxation is good "for those who possess—I will not say an *ear* for music, because that seems a shallow expression—but a faculty of the mind for it." Nor can anyone object to Sir Henry's saying, that "unless a man's susceptibility in this kind be very peculiar, he will generally prefer music which mixes itself with conversation or alternates with it by brief returns to music which sets it aside." Sir Henry Taylor next considers—always in connection with the relaxation of statesmen—the relative value of instrumental and of vocal music. "Instrumental music," he says, "exciting without engrossing the mind, will often rather stimulate and inspire conversation than suppress it; though to take this advantage of it the company must break up into retired groups or couples, speaking low in corners." One begins to doubt now whether Sir Henry Taylor has any real appreciation of music, whether, as he himself would have said, he has "a faculty of the mind" for it; and our suspicions are increased when we come to his remarks on the subject of singing. "The singing of ladies" he writes, "is a thing which in courtesy, if not for enjoyment, must be heard in silence; unless (which is best) it be heard from an adjoining room, through an open door, so that they who desire to listen to the song closely may pass in, and they who would listen more loosely and talk the while may stay out. But under all circumstances, and not for the sake of the talk only, but for the sake of the songs, it is well that there should be some pause and space between one and another of them—filled up with instrumental music if you will. For a song which has a wholeness in itself should be suffered to stand by itself, and then to die away in the mind of the hearer, time being allowed for the effect of a preceding song to get out of the way of the effect of one which is to follow. It would be well, therefore, if ladies who are often slow to begin their songs would not be, when once begun, unwilling to intermit them."

We regret to hear of the death of Miss Mary von Eloner (Middle Litta), which event happened at her home in Illinois on the 7th ult.

DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE. GRAND CONCERTS.

FIFTH SEASON.—UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Mr. JULIAN ADAMS.

THE Board of Management have the pleasure to announce that they have again secured the valuable services of the eminent SOLO PIANIST and CONDUCTOR,
MR. JULIAN ADAMS,
Musical Director, for the Season 1883.

The Music, selected and provided for these Concerts by Mr. JULIAN ADAMS, includes all the SYMPHONIES of Beethoven, Hadyn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and the *chef d'œuvres* of Wagner, Verdi, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Gounod, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, W. S. Bennett, Balfe, and other celebrated composers, as performed at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Harrogate, Buxton, Leamington, and most of the principal towns and cities in England, under his direction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 7th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1883.

THE great choral competition on the last day of the Cardiff Eisteddfod was both a surprise and a disappointment. Welshmen pride themselves upon the excellence of their choirs, and are apt to think that they can "give points" to the rest of the United Kingdom, and still bear the palm. This they might really do were all the Cambrian choirs as good as that which came down to Cardiff from Penrhyn, and carried back the chief prize without the smallest difficulty. A more excellent body of chorallists would be hard to find, but the remaining competitors were one and all conspicuous failures. They sang lustily enough; their enthusiasm was amazing, and their precision quite phenomenal, but they could not keep in tune. Some sharpened, mostly, however, the pitch dropped, compelling the accompanist to cease playing. Moreover, there was a conspicuous lack of expression. All concerned seemed to think that the secret of success lay in noise, and of noise they made as much as was possible. South Wales must look to this, unless it is prepared to fall behind. It should find good conductors who know how to train voices and communicate to the singers something of their own cultured taste. Here lies, we believe, the true secret of success. The first prize went to

Penrhyn because the choir is conducted by an accomplished musician, Dr. Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral. Dr. Rogers knows how to keep the impulsiveness of Welsh chorallists within due bounds, whereas the other conductors appeared to encourage its overflow under the mistaken notion that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing. They must alter their tactics or see South Wales lose its reputation by permitting other parts of the country to run ahead.

Music took a very prominent place at the Eisteddfod just held in Cardiff, one of the marvels of which was a fine London orchestra about sixty strong, comprising among its members Messrs. Politzer, Lazarus, Wooton, Barrett, Reynolds, Horton, and others of mark. The appearance of this band excited great interest; very naturally, seeing that a large proportion of those who attended the meetings had never before heard a first-class instrumental performance. Our Welsh friends have not, hitherto, distinguished themselves as students of orchestral instruments, but they are doing better now than at any former time. This appeared not only from the competition among small bands for an offered prize, but from the good playing of solo pieces by amateurs of the flute, trombone, euphonium, &c. In the very nature of things, the movement thus bearing fruit will receive valuable stimulus from the presence and example of the London orchestra, which has at once held up a standard of excellence, and called attention to the immense resources possessed by a competent band. Henceforth, no meeting of the National Eisteddfod will be complete without such a body as that brought down from the Metropolis by the Cardiff Committee, notably by the self-sacrificing exertions of Mr. S. Aitken, chairman of the musical section. To that gentleman Cardiff owes the great advantage of hearing a selection of classical works given in a classical manner, and he deserves the reward always due to one who makes a new departure in the direction of good.

THE popular Saturday Evening Concerts have been inspired by a happy thought and will produce good results provided certain circumstances are favourable. If we understand the advertisements aright, the directors are trying to provide their patrons with an entertainment resembling those which, in public gardens and halls, help to make continental life enjoyable. Every traveller who has visited Dresden remembers the concert-hall at the end of the Bruhl Terrace, where, on payment of a half-mark, the guest can listen in perfect peace to an excellent orchestral concert, or, if he chooses, can combine with the drinking in of sweet sounds, the enjoyment of creature comforts. No waiter pesters him for orders, or significantly makes known that his room would be more profitable than his company. In return he is expected not to annoy his fellow guests. As a result, persons of respectability frequent the place, even young women being able to go without escort, because nothing objectionable is likely to molest them. It would be a great boon were conditions in England favourable to such a form of entertainment. Unhappily, school-boards have not yet succeeded in eliminating from our social system the being known as "Arry," or his first cousin, the snob. These creatures are everywhere with their vulgarity and bad manners, and it is to them that we owe the system which breaks up our society into small circles. Should both cad and snob stay away from the Crystal Palace, the Saturday Evening Concerts may succeed. Otherwise, we fear, they will fail.

UTE: N^o 8. August 15th 1883.

This Part-Song is published separately. Price 2d

"FAIR DAFFODILS."

Part-Song

FOR 4 VOICES.

Words by

ROBT. HERRICK.

Music by

FREDERICK PEEL,

B. Mus., Oxon.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Allegro moderato.

mf

1. Fair daf... fo... dils... we weep to see, ... You....

2. We have short time... to stay as you, ... We....

mf

1. Fair daf... fo... dils... we weep to see, ... You....

2. We have short time... to stay as you, ... We....

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1. Fair daf... fo... dils... we weep to see, ... You....

2. We have short time... to stay as you, ... We....

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1. Fair daf... fo... dils... we weep to see, ... You....

2. We have short time... to stay as you, ... We....

mf Allegro moderato.

THIS PART-SONG IS INTENDED TO BE SUNG UNACCOMPANIED.

P & W. 890.

haste a . . . way 'so soon ; As yet the ear ly
 have as short a spring As quick a breath to

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go pearls with you a long, We will go with you a . . .
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long. } Stay, stay, stay, stay un...til the
gain. }

long. } Stay, stay, stay, stay un...til the
gain. }

long. } Stay, stay, stay, stay un...til the
gain. }

long. } Stay, stay, stay, stay un...til the
gain. }

cres...cen...

cres...cen...

cres...cen...

cres...cen...

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

do.
hast...ing day has run to E...ven

song. to . . . E ven song, Stay,

song. to . . . E ven song, Stay,

song. to . . . E ven song, Stay,

song. to . . . E ven song, Stay,

song. to . . . E ven song, Stay,

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THE good effects of the Royal College of Music are already becoming apparent. Some time ago the amateurs of the leading Scottish towns resolved upon establishing a musical academy for North Britain. The idea, having in it something of a national and patriotic character, pleased the people, and matters went so far that an engagement was made with Mr. F. H. Cowen to act as Principal of the Institution. Then the Royal College loomed up on the southern horizon, with its peculiar influences, and the Scottish movement was at once paralysed. All the "nobility and gentry," all whom royal influence could reach, let their ardour cool, or transferred their energies to the new cause. Hence there is to be no Academy for North Britain unless, indeed, the example of the sturdy Glasgow traders spread and infect the mass of the people, who are not susceptible to peculiar influences. The Clyde-side men are bent upon having an Academy of their own, and we wish them success, while regretting that they no longer command the immense energy and devotion of Thomas Logan Stillie. It may be said that the extinction of the Scottish idea only means the transference of action from one side of the Tweed to the other. That is not so. Thousands who would help a Scottish academy will refuse to stir a finger on behalf of a College at Kensington. Thus is art made the poorer for the sake of an entirely superfluous and, as we are compelled to believe, disappointing scheme. The Scots, however, are not free from blame. Why did they put themselves so much into the hands of titled — well, "distinguished" — persons who, as far as music is concerned, really are titled nobodies?

THE author of an amusing but highly prejudiced, and therefore untrustworthy, history of the "Life of Alexander II.," gives an interesting account of the difficult position in which the late Emperor found himself placed with regard to the St. Petersburg Opera House. In the old days, when the Emperor of Russia was looked upon as the father of his people, his presence at the opera was a recognised source of profit to the manager; and indirectly the Emperor himself benefited by the increased receipts which his attendance at the opera was sure to bring. The subvention paid annually to the manager is a charge upon the privy purse, and when the receipts have proved insufficient, the manager expects, and often receives, a supplementary subvention. The oftener, then, that the Emperor went to the opera, the less chance was there of extra demands being made upon him at the end of the season. All this, however, was changed when the Nihilists began to fire pistols and to throw shells at their detested monarch. The presence of Alexander II. at the opera ceased altogether to be a source of attraction, and when it was known beforehand that he was going there, prudent people made a point of stopping away. There was always a possibility that some one would throw a shell into the box, and that a few other shells would be cast about the audience department in order to divert attention. The manager did not venture to ask his Imperial master to stay away. But he had ceased to feel any pleasure at seeing him; when at last, to the manager's great joy, the Emperor adopted the wise course of absenting himself systematically.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows:—"Mr. Herbert Spencer, claiming as he does to explain all existing phenomena, does not seem thoroughly master of his subject when

he deals with music. In regard to the history of ancient music he is content to quote Dr. Barry, who is not generally accepted as an authority on the subject. "As argues Dr. Barry," he writes (*First Principles*, p. 356) "and as implied by the customs still extant of barbarous nations, the first musical instruments were, without doubt, percussive sticks, calabashes, tom-toms, and were used simply to mark the time of the dance; and in the constant repetition of the same sound we see music in its most homogeneous form." In testing the "evolution" of music, and to show how it was developed "from the homogeneous into the heterogeneous," Mr. Spencer sketches in his boldest style, and in a single page, the history of music among the Greeks and during the Middle ages, concluding (same volume, page 357) as follows: "And from the fugue to concerted music in two, three, four and more parts, the transition was easy." The "calabash" and the "tom-tom" were, according to the very author on whom Mr. Herbert Spencer relies, not merely "percussive" instruments, but instruments furnished with strings. But allowing that music "in its most homogeneous form" consisted of mere rhythmical repetitions of the same sound, what can Mr. Herbert Spencer mean by his "transition" from the fugue to music in two parts? Strange "transition" indeed! Mr. Herbert Spencer's knowledge of musical forms is on a par with his knowledge of musical instruments and of musical history.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that Herr Hinsen, one of the members of the Cologne Choral Union and rector of the Cathedral School in the famous city on the Rhine, visited a London Board School for the purpose of hearing the children sing. "Herr Hinsen and his son did not conceal their astonishment at the results produced. The fact that infants were taught notation especially surprised them. The boys did all the usual exercises, including the staff notation. Herr Hinsen repeatedly held up his hands in surprise." It strikes us very forcibly that the Cologne school rector was not the only member of the choir who experienced considerable astonishment during the stay in London. No doubt all the worthy gentlemen and admirable singers came to us full of the traditions of a former visit many years ago. They expected, perhaps, to be lionized, whereas, beyond a few notices in the press, their excellent concerts passed unregarded. Why was this? Simply because we can make choral music for ourselves, and are beginning to see that the foreigner in connection with all forms of the art, is less and less a necessity. The golden days are over for him on English soil, unless he be of extraordinary capacity. He has had his innings; a long and prolific one, and now we mean to do justice to our own countrymen since they are showing themselves worthy. "There should be no nationality in art," cry some people. We answer, "Certainly not, when by insisting upon it art would suffer." But when the native is as good as the alien our cry is, "England for the English."

THE Dutch historian, John de Witt, in portraying the character of one of the Princes of the House of Orange, said of him that he was not blemished with many Court vices; not delighting in music, dancing, hunting, gluttony, or drinking. Milton, who certainly did not share the opinion of the Grand Pensionary in regard to music, and who is known when he was a youth at Rome to have addressed some lines full of passionate admiration to the famous singer, Adriana Baroni ("Ad Adrianam canentem")—Milton, all the

same, in his letter to Master Hartlib, advised that students should be recreated with music "whilst unsweating themselves," and that "the like also would not be inexpedient after meat to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction." "Who shall silence the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?" asked Milton when he was better inspired. Too many men, however, even of the greatest, have believed, and still believe, that the proper function of music is to soothe the nerves of harassed statesmen, and to afford distraction to wearied students. St. Augustine, in the "Confessions," thanks God that he has destroyed in himself all pleasures of sense except one. He still, however, to his deep sorrow, takes a delight in hearing music, and he reproaches himself with paying more attention at church to the singing than to the thing sung. It would be better indeed to abolish music altogether than to retain it as a pretext for conversation, as a solace for perspiring students or a recreation for worn out statesmen.

MM. ERCHMANN and Châtrian—or "Erchmann-Châtrian"—to give the firm its business name—are about the last authors from whom one would have expected the libretto of an operetta. It appears, however, that they are writing one; for which music is to be furnished by M. Selenick. The work is to be called *Le Roi Chopine*; and it is to be produced on the opening night at the new Théâtre de la Renaissance. The Erchmann-Châtrian piece does not derive its title from the famous Polish composer of a somewhat similar name, but from a beer measure well-known to the frequenters of French cafés. "King Pot" or "King Pint" would be the English equivalent of the title, though, as a matter of fact, the *chopine* does not, we believe, hold more than half a pint. The theatre at which the work in question is to be brought out will, by the way, be the fourth musical theatre at Paris, without counting the minor musical theatres where *opéras bouffes* and all kinds of lyrical trivialities are played. Paris had, forty years ago, a theatre called Théâtre de la Renaissance, at which translated operas used to be performed; and there is really an opening just now in the French capital for an establishment where French versions of foreign operatic masterpieces might be given. The Opéra and the Opéra Comique are obliged by the terms of their subventions to confine themselves to works written specially for them; though now and then, but quite by exception, a work may be *re-written* for the opera—*re-written*, that is to say, by its own composer, with the introduction of a ballet and all the changes rendered necessary by the particular form to which the "Grand Opéra" restricts itself. The Théâtre Lyrique, too, confines itself, as a rule, to original operas.

Good accounts reach us from Dresden of Flotow's posthumous opera. Its "richness of melody" and its "dramatic declamation" are alike insisted upon; and Herr Hoffman, the director of the Cologne Opera House, is congratulated on having secured the right of performing it. It is called *St. Megrin*, and is to be produced next December, with Frau Peschka-Leutner, Herr Gotze, and Herr Meyer in the principal parts. The work was tried at Dresden (with the pianoforte score), at the house of "Court-music-director" Ries; and the music is said to have been much admired by all who had the privilege of hearing it.

SGANARELLE said "there are faggots and faggots," and with equal discernment might it be stated that

there are fiddles and fiddles—from the humble Swiss instrument, which is delivered complete to the purchaser for three shillings, to the "Strad," which is only to be obtained at the cost of countless guineas. Every good fiddle, like every good family, has its pedigree, and can be traced through ages of handlers. To an ordinary onlooker one fiddle is very much like another, and why the combination of the several pieces of wood should represent the value of guineas in one case and of pence only in another, is a thing that puzzles the uninitiated. More is heard of Stradivari's violins than of any other of the Cremonese makers, perhaps on account of their model, perhaps also in respect of the timber, in the selection of which Stradivari showed an unerring instinct. Now-a-days they turn out fiddles by machinery in less time than it would take a workman to plan it; but in Stradivari's workshop proceedings were far more deliberate. Nevertheless he contrived in the later half of his life to construct upwards of 1,000 fiddles—indeed such a number are said to be still in existence—besides tenors and basses (violins and violoncellos). Some of his finest work dates from his old age, and the noble example of the "grand model," now in the possession of Mr. Wiener, can compare favourably with the best known specimens. But fancy Stradivari making *viole di gamba*, kits, guitars, lutes, theorboes, lyres and mandolins. The instruments beloved by Sir Andrew Aguecheek have all disappeared; but it would be interesting to know who has got the others—especially the mandolins and guitars.

A HITHERTO unpublished letter, written by Richard Wagner, during his "Sturm und Drang" period, explaining his views of operatic potentialities and principles of composition, will certainly be perused with interest by the readers of THE LUTE. It was addressed to Baron de Biedenfeld at Weimar, bears date January 17, 1849, is in the possession of Major von Donop, one of the Hessian Landgrave's Chamberlains, and runs as follows:—

"I ever strove against the employment of the immeasurable apparatus, comprising action, situations, and plot, supported by the liveliest co-operation of all existing arts—such as painting, plastics, gymnastics, &c.—merely to impress a certain number of taking melodies upon the public memory; I convinced myself that the only object of all this display must be no less on one than the whole dramatic work, and that opera, in this respect, must stand even higher than the spoken stage-play, because, to all other known methods of expression, it adds that of music, the richest, most various, and most inexhaustible. The Greeks, and perhaps even some of our mediæval dramatists, were able to adapt musical effects to their dramas; but, since in our own times the heroes of absolute music—that is, of music apart from poetry—and in particular Beethoven, have raised the expressive capacity of this art, through the orchestral medium, to an entirely new potency, not previously dreamt of even by Gluck, the influence of music upon the drama has unquestionably acquired importance, inasmuch as music naturally puts forward claims to the development of her rich resources. The drama itself, therefore, would have to augment its expressive faculty; to disclose and cultivate its corresponding capacity to the wealth of musical expression seemed to me to be only possible to a musician. As I thus exalted the musician to the rank of poet, I could not, of course, permit him to lose sight of the drama's chief aim; for his special art—music—would be called in to fulfil this, the highest of all artistic aims; wherefore it necessarily became my task,

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whilst cognisant and intimately convinced of the wealth of musical expression, to resolve upon the creation of nothing but drama—that is to say, of such drama as could not be produced without the aid of musical consciousness in its author. To make myself fully intelligible upon this point I must refer to one of the principal scenes in my *Tannhäuser*, viz., the Minstrel Competition. Obviously, in order that the catastrophe should be brought about by this scene, it was indispensable that the poetical intention should predominate. To allow the singers to compete with one another by performing tricks of vocalisation, ornamental passages and cadences, would have been to represent a concert-room trial of skill, not a dramatic struggle of rival ideas and feelings. On the other hand, however, this poetical contest, in which the whole and full individuality of each man taking part in it was to be displayed, could not be realised save through the agency of the highest and most varied forces of musical expression, as I understand it. To my great satisfaction I have found that this very scene, risky as it is, has secured—whenever it has been performed—the most vivacious and enthusiastic sympathy on the part of the audience; and it was my triumph to lay hold of our opera-public, quite unaccustomed to this method of treatment, by appealing to their intelligence instead of to their sensibility."

"LET me repeat it briefly once more: I have taken my line as a musician, who—starting from his conviction of the inexhaustible resources of music—wills to create the highest work of art, namely, the drama. I say *wills*, in order to indicate my endeavour; whether I *can*, or not, I am not able to judge; but should I break down, it will not be for lack of volition, but by reason of my feeble gifts. I shall be much gratified if this succinct communication enable you to obtain some insight into the entity of my compositions; I could impart to you more words upon this subject, but not more meaning. If possible, accord to me your favourable sympathy. Begging you to greet Liszt cordially for me, I remain most respectfully your obedient servant, Richard Wagner."

Now that the masterful composer, whose indomitable energy and resolute spirit succeeded for a time in localizing his Festival-Stage-Plays, and more particularly *Parsifal*, at Bayreuth, has been laid to rest, the special fitness of that town to fulfil the mission confided to it by Wagner no longer obtains recognition and practical support, even from his devoted disciples and fervent admirers. An eye and ear-witness of the 1883 "Summer-Cyklus" of performances in Bayreuth writes:—"What changes take place within a twelvemonth! How different is the aspect of the little Frankish townships this year from that it presented in July, 1882! Then Bayreuth had tricked itself out in all its finery like a haughty coquette, fully conscious of her charms; now it exhibits the physiognomy of an elderly dame, surly and grizzling over the loss of her attractions. Beyond a doubt the repetition of the Festival-Stage-Plays on the top of Bayreuth Hill will henceforth prove impracticable; the bell that was tolled for a great man on the 13th of February last also sounded the death-knell of the Bayreuth performances. There had been no end of bragging beforehand, amongst those materially interested in their success, of pilgrimages to Bayreuth *en masse*, of crowded houses and insufficiency of lodging accommodation. Of such intoxicated visions there was no lack; in due time came the hour of sober awakening. We

saw the theatre fairly attended, but exhibiting many vacant seats; we discovered a large superfluity of places upon which the weary wanderer might repose his head. The show of liveliness developed upon the hill before the performances commenced was one that could only deceive laymen and enthusiasts. Its principal contingent was supplied by respectable Bayreuth burgesses, who came to stare at and criticise the fine city-ladies' toilettes. In former years a crowd representing the very best society had thronged the spot—knights of the pen, chisel, and brush, and beautiful women enlivened the gay and picturesque scene. Questions and answers were exchanged in every European idiom. And now? A handful of intellectually distinguished men—the rest, *nomina incognita*. The performances themselves were highly praiseworthy. All the executants have acquired ripeness and calm; last year, fear of the formidable and most exacting Master prevented many of them from developing their powers to the fullest extent. As a mortuary celebration the performance was in every respect worthy of the great genius to whom it was dedicated. Justice has been done to his *manes* by the rendering of the "Consecration-Festival-Stage-Play" in the locality chosen and consecrated by himself. But the world can and will nevermore come to this little out-of-the-way town: Bayreuth must go out to the world! Even his most fanatical adherents—aye, even those Hotspurs who heretofore only opened any discussion upon Richard Wagner with impertinences and carried it on with insults—have by this time made up their minds to the atrophy and inevitable dissolution of the "Bayreuth Festival-Stage-Plays."

THE above passing reference to the Wagnerian "Hotspurs," whose extravagant and unreasoning partisanship of his "system" caused the gifted Saxon so much vexation and annoyance during the latter years of his life, calls to mind the absurdities, in the way of "synthetic analysis," perpetrated by one of those fiery factionaries, Edmund von Hagen, the author of an unconsciously humorous work, entitled "Contributions to an Insight into the Being of Wagnerian Art." One of these "Contributions"—an essay containing fifty-three pages of printed matter—is entirely devoted to "The Trumpet-Signal of Freedom" in *Rienzi*, upon the importance of which, musically, æsthetically, and politically, von Hagen dilates to the top of his bent. The following brief extract, which deals more particularly with the A sounded on the trumpet at the opening of the overture, will serve to exemplify the state of exaltation into which Wagner-worshippers contrive to work themselves up when engaged in explaining the secrets of his "method" to profane outsiders—*i.e.*, the general public. "The note A," writes von Hagen, "constituting the first bar of the *Rienzi* overture, and blown upon the trumpet, is to me a glorious example of how the physiognomy of a tone-poet may lie quite distinctly stamped upon the surface of a single note, and may unmistakably look us in the face out of that single note. This A—the first tone of Wagner's first published opera—tells us that Wagner is an organically creative artist. At the same time it is of beautiful significance that the trumpet-call in question should also be a summons to freedom. Thus, this one tone, in its form and capacity, contains Wagner *in nuce*. The trumpeter who has to sound the A in question must know this. He must be inwardly conscious of what he is blowing when he blows this note; he must be penetrated through and through with the knowledge that this note belongs to liberty. Should the trumpeter

only comprehend this note as a musician, and confine himself to simply sounding it correctly, musically speaking—that is, exactly as it is written—he had better go about his business. Were he even the leading Chamber-Virtuoso in a Court-Orchestra, he is certainly no artist, and is utterly unfit to perform Wagner's music." Herr von Hagen has announced his intention of publishing, ere long, a series of "Commentaries on Shakespeare" from his own pen. The above specimen of his critical and analytical abilities encourages us to look forward with joyous hope to the appearance of the promised book, which, if it prove approximately up to the mark of his "Contributions to an Insight into the Being of Wagnerian Art," cannot fail to shed some entirely new and highly entertaining light upon the works of our immortal countryman.

RICHARD WAGNER had scarcely ceased to breathe when Herr Angelo Neumann—the impresario who produced *Der Ring der Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre last year—published a touching appeal to the German nation for subscriptions, wherewith to constitute a fund for the life endowment of the defunct composer's only son, Siegfried. In strange contrast to that sympathetic demonstration is the announcement, reaching us from Bayreuth, that Herr Neumann has commenced actions-at-law against the heirs of "the Wagner estate" for damages to the respective amounts of £4,350 and £5,000—the former sum representing his alleged loss by the failure of his arrangements for bringing out *Lohengrin* in Paris some sixteen months ago; the latter his deficit at the close of his tour in Italy this spring with the *Nibelungen*. With respect to the claim of £4,350, Herr Neumann alleges that, just as he was about to put *Lohengrin* in rehearsal, Messrs. Durand and Schoenwerk interposed their proprietary rights in that opera, and prevented him from producing it. The firm in question deny this, and assert that they did no more than urgently advise him not to risk the production in the French capital of *Lohengrin* with the German text. Being only owners of the copyright—not of performing rights—they had no power to interfere with his enterprise; and Neumann, according to their evidence, gave it up on grounds that had nothing whatever to do with them. Touching the claim of £5,000, it would appear that Wagner sold the right of performing the *Nibelungen* in Italy to the Milanese music publishing firm of Lucca, as well as to Herr Neumann, and that—although the firm in question offered no opposition to Neumann's production of the *Trilogy* in Turin, Rome, and Florence—when he brought his company to Milan with the intention of their performing the *Cyclus*, an embargo was laid upon the railway vans in which his stage properties had been conveyed thither, and he was thus effectually prevented from carrying out his project. Wagner was so careless and unpracticable in business matters that nobody in Germany seems at all surprised at his having parted, for a consideration, with any of his rights to more than one person at a time; but Neumann's lack of reverence for the memory of the great departed, as evinced by taking out proceedings against the latter's sorrowing widow and children in the law courts, has made a very painful impression upon the German public throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland.

At Mariazell, a "holy place" in upper Styria, to which many thousands of pious Austrians make pilgrimage yearly, there is a chapel dedicated to

the Virgin which, from the value of the offerings deposited in it by persons who believe their ailments to have been miraculously cured by the intervention of Our Lady, has acquired the nickname of the "Schatzkammer," or Treasury. Miniature limbs, executed in the precious metals, and costly articles of jewellery, are suspended to every available projection of the shrine itself, as well as to nails in the walls and ceilings of the chapel, each offering being ticketed with the name of its donor, supplemented by more or less pious or explanatory inscriptions. Amongst the recent additions to this quaint collection of precious *ex voto* gifts are some valuables contributed by the two renowned operetta *prima-donne*, of Vienna, Marie Geislinger and Josephine Gallmeyer—ladies as notorious for their elastic morality, as for their musical and dramatic talents, and whose respective careers, it may be confidently asserted, have hitherto been altogether unperfumed by the odour of sanctity. On their return, however, from America, where they have both been on tour with great pecuniary advantage to themselves, a simultaneous spasm of devotional feeling appears to have prompted them to express their gratitude for past favours to the Divine Patroness of the Mariazell "Treasury;" and it is noteworthy that their respective offerings are conspicuously reflective of leading traits in their characters. Marie Geislinger, whose extravagances of conduct have invariably been inspired by same solid, prosaic purpose, has given a massive golden goblet, bearing the simple dedication, "A token of thankfulness." Pepi Gallmeyer's reckless, capricious, and inveterate frivolity on the other hand, are expressed in gifts as incongruous as they are various. They are as follows:—1. A silver wreath with the words (engraved upon one of its mimic laurel-leaves) "To the amiable artist from the Administrative Council of the German Theatre in Buda-Pesth, 15 December, 1875;" 2. A small model, in silver, of one of the *prima donna*'s legs, from a bad pain in which, according to the dedication, she was relieved "by the special interposition of Heaven;" 3. A locket containing her own portrait and a "lucky," or four-leaved, trefoil, arranged so as to hide all the features of her face, save and except the incomparably saucy eyes; 4. A prayer-book, mounted in gold; 5. A silver statuette of "The Kneeling Virgin in prayer;" 6. A silver plant in a golden flower-pot, upon which are engraved the dates "1858-1878;" and lastly, a gorgeous white satin dress, embroidered with gold and silver by Pepi's own hands during her voyages between Hamburg and New York. Considering the antecedents of the donors it seems not altogether unreasonable to regard these gifts as propitiatory offerings, rather than as tokens of gratitude—the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual disposition to "hedge." *Où la pitié va-t-elle se nicher?* Who would have thought that the "Grossherzogin von Gerolstein" and the "Gebildete Koechin"—*rôles* with which the names of Geislinger and Gallmeyer have been associated throughout the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires for twenty years past—would be found performing pilgrimage to Mariazell and enriching the Virgin's shrine with "portable property" of no inconsiderable value?

MADAME DE WARTEGG—Minnie Hauk—the first of living Carmens and "cursed Kates," has lately returned to Europe from the United States at the conclusion of a long artistic tour, the pecuniary results of which, as her many friends and admirers in this country will be glad to hear, have been eminently satisfactory. After a brief sojourn at Masi-

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enbad, whither her medical advisers sent her to rest herself and take the waters, she intends to pass the remaining portion of her holiday at her new house in Paris, whence she will again take her departure early in the autumn, this time bound to Northern latitudes. Amongst her engagements for the "fall" are a tour in Denmark and Sweden, upon the terms of £2,400 for twenty performances besides her expenses, and another through North Germany, including a series of "Gastrollen" at the Royal Berlin Opera-house, upon even more lucrative conditions. Madame de Wartegg's splendid natural gifts, fine acting and extraordinary versatility—her repertoire ranges from Auber to Wagner, and she can sing at least a score of operatic "first parts" in four languages—are as highly appreciated in Germany as in the land of her birth, and Berlin musical journalists are already congratulating their readers on the prospect of again seeing and hearing the brilliant American songstress in a comprehensive series of her favourite parts. She is announced to appear in *Lohengrin*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, *L'Africaine*, *Aida*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Traviata* and—last though not least—*Carmen*; a goodly list of *chefs-d'œuvre*, comprising every variety of dramatic character and musical style. Next spring she will once more be heard in London, Colonel Mapleson having engaged her for the season, to sing in Italian opera, in all probability, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE story of "Spohr's Violins," which has recently obtained publicity in Germany, is a curious and eventful one. Spohr studied music in Brunswick at an early age, and was engaged, when only fifteen years old, by the then reigning Duke Charles William Ferdinand as Chamber-Musician in the Ducal Court-Orchestra at a salary of £15 per annum. His first fiddle, purchased for him by subscription amongst the friends of his family, was a cheap and insignificant German instrument; but his conspicuous talent having attracted the Duke's especial attention, that sovereign, in the year 1803, placed him under the tuition of the renowned violinist Eck, and made him a present of an excellent Italian fiddle, upon which he played for some years, eventually exchanging it whilst in St. Petersburg for a genuine Guarnerius, the property of his intimate friend and fellow-fiddler Remi. Shortly afterwards Spohr started for Paris "on tour" with the violoncello-player Beneke, giving concerts at the principal towns on their route. Arrived at Goettingen, he made the distressing discovery that his cherished Guarnerius had been abstracted from its case during the journey, as well as all his money and valuables from a trunk in which the violin-case and its precious contents had been packed up by his own hands. He forthwith returned to Brunswick, where the Duke's liberality enabled him to purchase from a Herr von Hantelmann, a Cremona reputed at that time to be the finest violin in the Duchy. With this instrument he made his European reputation as a great violinist. Nevertheless, some twenty years later he exchanged it for a *chef d'œuvre* by Lupot, which, however, he parted with upon his appointment as Concertmeister in Gotha, when he became the happy possessor of a noble Stradivarius, theretofore the property of Frau Schlick, a local soloist of renown. Upon this instrument he played to the end of his days. After his death it was purchased for £150 by his favourite pupil, Koempel, who has performed upon it at concerts in Hanover within the last few years.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

CARDIFF.—The Blue Ribbon Choir has attained a great deal of popularity. In proficiency it has made continual progress under the leadership of Mr. Jacob Davies, who not only takes a personal interest in its welfare, but in the progress of the Blue Ribbon movement. The news of the victory of the choir in the National Temperance competition at the Crystal Palace gave the liveliest satisfaction in the town, and a mass meeting of Blue Ribbonites was subsequently held to welcome the choir. Three thousand persons were present, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lewis Williams, who offered to assist in providing a splendid challenge shield to be competed for by temperance choirs at the Palace, and to become the property of the choir that succeeds in taking the first prize during three consecutive years. The vocalists were warmly complimented on their success, and they gave a rendering, in admirable style, of "You stole my love," and the test piece, "All hail thou Queen of Night!" The Chairman observed that while they were to be congratulated on what they had accomplished, they were expected to hold the first position for Cardiff.

GLASGOW.—There are indications that the coming musical season will not be found wanting in arrangements which are full of promise. For some time the committee of the Glasgow Choral Union have been actively engaged with preparatory work in connection with the ten weeks' series of concerts which commence on 3rd December next. As now settled, the choral element in the programme will include the following works, viz.: Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*, Gounod's *Redemption* (for the second time in Glasgow), Handel's *Messiah* and *Acis and Galatea*; Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, Felicien David's *Desert*, and, very possibly, Weber's *Preciosa* for one of the Saturday Popular Concerts. The selection of Berlioz's wonderful Requiem was not arrived at without some misgiving; naturally enough, for the notion of importing to Glasgow such a novelty was received with serious apprehension. Mr. Manns is not, however, afraid of the results, and his policy of keeping the dwellers on the banks of the Clyde in the van of musical progress—if this term can be seriously applied to the erratic Frenchman's writings—has been endorsed, as of yore, with signal approval. Raff's new symphony oratorio, *The End of the World*, at one time stood a chance of finding its way to our programmes, but, eventually, the feeling prevailed that it might be desirable to postpone acquaintance with the work. Needless to say, the re-engagement of Mr. Manns as conductor has afforded his numerous friends, both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, the liveliest satisfaction. M. Buziau also returns as principal violin, and it is understood that the band will include nearly all the experienced instrumentalists who have been identified with the undertaking for the last three or four seasons. There will be at least fourteen first violins—sixteen, indeed, if at all possible—with a corresponding strength in the other departments of the orchestra. Engagements have been offered to Mdlle. Janotha, and to Madame Marie Roze, and the committee hope to close with these artistes, as also with Signor Piatti and M. Pachmann. The services of many distinguished soloists are unavailable, owing to their absence from this country during the Glasgow season. Amongst other regrettable disappointments, mention may be made of that occasioned by the inability of Herr Joachim to accept an engagement. It is, not, however, improbable that he may be able to visit Scotland early in March next, and if so

Chamber Concert is contemplated under the auspices of the Glasgow Choral Union. For several seasons Joachim and party have been heard at the annual concert given by the Directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and the feeling grows, year by year, that the opportunity enjoyed by the sister city should be utilized in the West of Scotland.

Iolanthe was produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday evening, 6th inst., and for the first time in Scotland. There was a crowded audience, who seemed to vastly enjoy the familiar Gilbertian whimsicalities. The efforts of Mr. D'Oyley Carte's travelling company (which includes Miss Fanny Harrison, Miss Laura Clement, Mr. Frank Thornton, and other competent performers) were, generally speaking, successful, and the opera was placed on the stage with Mr. Knapp's well-known liberality in the matter of scenery. Regarding Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, it is here only needful to say that, in several numbers, the favoured composer is reminiscent of himself and of others. In musical circles the feeling, moreover, is that Sir Arthur ought now to turn his attention to composition of genuine and abiding interest.

LIVERPOOL.—The new committee of the Philharmonic Society are making their reforms sweeping and thorough. The old chorus, which was to all intents and purposes quite independent of the Society, has been dispensed with as a body, and, in the re-organisation that is taking place, any former member will have to be re-examined before being re-admitted. This, together with the cutting off of any amount of rights and privileges previously possessed, has naturally incensed the parties concerned, and they are taking steps to form themselves into a new organisation. Nothing could be better than this. A spirit of honest opposition should re-act most favourably upon music in the city, and if both Societies prosper, it will be a gain all round, and on the other hand if one is bad, it will justly enough have to go to the wall. Some of the complaints of the old chorus are ludicrous enough, one gentleman going so far as to find fault with Mr. Branscombe, the chorus master and examiner, because "he had already passed an examination when Mr. Branscombe was still in his cradle." It is about time these weeds were rooted out.

Thanks to the action of, a narrow-minded clique, who have raised ignorance to a fine art, and who consider good music must necessarily be Romanising, the Banner choir will close its connection with St. Cuthbert's Church at the end of the current quarter. Musical enthusiasts, possessing means to gratify their tastes, are not quite so plentiful as cabbages, and there is scarcely another town in the kingdom where a gentleman would be found willing to spend some hundreds of pounds annually in providing the best music for Church-goers without any anticipation of fee or reward. Yet such is the appreciation of music in Liverpool, that Mr. Banner, after giving the service of his choir for so long, is now told that he must either make the service so low that any singing at all would be an absurdity, or—go. The latter alternative has naturally been chosen, but there is good reason to believe that Liverpool will not entirely lose the services of so powerful a combination. During the next few weeks the choir will sing, amongst other items, Spohr's "How Lovely," so rarely performed in its entirety. Mr. S. Claude Ridley, the talented organist to the Seaman's Orphan Institution has now taken entire charge of the musical arrangements, and, if it should be decided to keep the choir together, a bright future is before it, under his careful guidance.

Amongst the 200 applicants for Dr. Monk's seat at the organ of York Minster, there are five candidates from

Liverpool. It is rather to be regretted that social questions should have shelved Mr. Garland, deputy organist of the Minster. After having been brought up under Dr. Monk's own guidance and after having gained a high position in the city by his talents and fitness, the manner in which his claims have been put aside seems scarcely the thing.

MANCHESTER.—There has not been, during the past month, a single interesting musical feature in this city, if we except the visit of Signor Gabriele's Opera Company, which remained a fortnight, and gave representations of eight or nine of the best-known works. Some few were remarkably well performed; but, generally, there was a roughness, especially in the chorus and band, which, to a great extent, marred the effect. Of some of the principals we can scarcely speak too highly. Madame Servia and Mdlle. de Laporte, as the *prime donne*, were excellent, and the efforts of both were much appreciated. Mdlle. de Laporte, though of foreign parentage, is a native of Manchester. With a smaller *répertoire* and a little judicious weeding in the band and chorus, and also a little strengthening in the lesser principal parts, Signor Gabriele's Company would take high rank. The very admirable way in which *Rigoletto* and *Ernani* were performed shows that the company is capable of doing very good work.

SUSSEX.—An open-air Concert was given by the Choir of the St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, on the 31st ult., in the Inner Quadrangle. For the first part, Romberg's *Lay of the Bell*, was given. The whole was well rendered, and received the greatest applause from the large audience present. Mr. Bebbington sang the Master's part throughout very creditably. For the second part a miscellaneous selection was given, including choruses from several favourite operas. Mr. E. C. Allen, choirmaster and organist, conducted.

THE Costa Testimonial Committee held their first meeting at St. James's Hall on the 31st ult., Mr. Heath in the chair. Among those present were Messrs. Emile Berger, Husk, Durlacher, Perugini, H. Littleton, Bennett, and W. G. Cusins. The nature of the proposed testimonial was not determined; the business done being simply the framing of an appeal for subscriptions, and the election of Mr. Mitchell (Bond Street) as hon. treasurer, with Mr. Husk as hon. secretary.

MR. SEDLEY TAYLOR is no friend of the harmonium. Writing to a contemporary, he says:—"Altogether there is, I conceive, in the deteriorated harmonic effects of that instrument due to intrusive combination tones, abundant reason for wondering—not that there should be so little music specially composed for the harmonium—but that anyone should care either to write such music or to play it when written. The proper function of the harmonium is, in my opinion, to sustain a single part so as to replace a lacking stringed or wind instrument in the study of concerted chamber-music."

On Wednesday, July 4, the ceremony of inaugurating the new organ erected in All Saints Church, Coventry, by Mr. J. Porritt, of the Midland Counties Organ Manufactory, Leicester, was performed by Dr. C. J. Frost, of London. In the course of a recital, Dr. Frost played: Toccato in A flat (Hesse); Introduction and Fugue (Raff); Fantasia Sonata in A flat (Rheinberg); Grand March (Merkel); a Maestoso in C, b Allegretto in D (Frost); Allegretto vivace in A minor (Morandi). The organ, a 2 manual instrument, is of good tone and workmanship, and reflects much credit upon the builder.

REVIEWS.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

(I.) *Dorothy, or Traced in Snow*. Song by Jules de Sivrai. (II.) *Years Ago*. Vieux Souvenirs, pour le piano. Par Jules de Sivrai. (III.) *The Angel Cloud*. Song. Music by Seymour Smith. (IV.) *Deux Caprices Brillantes*, pour le piano. Par Herbert F. Sharpe.

IN No. I., Mr. F. E. Weatherby quaintly tells a love story, and the composer accompanies it with easy and appropriate music. This is the kind of ditty for a social gathering. No. II. is both easy and pleasing, besides being available for use as an exercise in combining the legato with arpeggios for the same hand. No. III. is adapted for sopranos or tenors of the "intense" school. There is nothing in it particularly new, but the materials are worked up into an effective drawing-room song, able to command acceptance anywhere, if moderately well rendered. Mr. Sharpe's Caprices (No. IV.) are showy, and afford capital exercise for both hands, particularly in octave and arpeggio playing.

(I.) *Fishing*. Song. Music by A. J. Caldicott. (II.) *To what shall I liken thee?* Song. Music by A. J. Caldicott. (III.) *Little Maiden Mine*. Song. Music by C. J. R. Marriott. (IV.) *The Old Timepiece*. Song. Music by Michael Watson. (V.) *Love's Reply*. Song. Music by A. H. Behrend.

We have here a group of songs each belonging to a very popular class. Nos. I. and II. will pass at once on the strength of their composer's name, since Mr. Caldicott is known everywhere as a writer able to combine simple charm with musical skill. The Fishing Song (No. I.) is an example; and No. II. is another, of a different but equally effective kind. Neither makes any pretence, but it is well that modest effusions should have the merit of being musicianly. A general recommendation will suffice for Nos. III., IV., and V., since their composers bear well-known names. These are works for amateur singers to place in the list of things "to be looked at."

MORLEY AND CO.

(I.) *The Storm-beaten Tar*. Song. Music by Wordsworth Davies. (II.) *Morley's Magazine of Musical Treasures*, No. 11. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Selected, fingered, and edited by James Smart.

THE character of No. 1 can be inferred from its title. It is a straightforward ditty of the sea, with a "Yo-ho," and the usual regulation furniture. No. 2 contains ten of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, well printed, carefully fingered, and accompanied by a page of editorial remarks of a useful character. When this can be bought for a shilling no one should complain of dear music.

CHESTER (Brighton); WILLCOCKS AND CO (London).

(I.) *Suite für das Piano-forte*. Von Otto Schweizer. (II.) *Vailette pour le Piano*. Par Otto Schweizer.

No. I. is clever, and some of its movements are pleasing. It begins with an Allegro for the left hand only. This we can only regard as an exercise, its musical value being nil. The Pastorale, a two-part piece, is moderate alike in difficulty and merit. After this come a Grave, and a Tempo d. Gavotta, the latter very fresh and pleasing by comparison. No. II. is a charming little piece with which amateur pianists will delight to make acquaintance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARITY CONCERTS.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—A paragraph in the last issue of THE LUTE touches upon a question of great moment to musical artists—charity concerts.

It is my belief that the injustice done to artists by bringing social pressure to bear upon them on these occasions, has only to be pointed out to amateurs promoting such entertainments to have the evil remedied.

As an instance, I may mention the Concert given last May at the Kensington Town Hall in aid of the local charity, by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir; the committee of which at first intended to accept the services of artists willing to perform.

But Mrs. Arthur O'Leary, who conducts the choir, having expressed her opinion that those assisting professionally should be remunerated, the committee at once adopted this view with the most satisfactory results.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A. O'L.

A SUSSEX paper, *à propos* to the recent royal festivities at Eastbourne, says, "The music was heartily appreciated during luncheon by their Royal Highnesses, who made interested enquiries regarding the musical entertainments at Eastbourne, and graciously congratulated the town on having such a conductor as Mr. Julian Adams." We believe that Mr. Adams is local examiner for the Royal College of Music.

IN a Sussex paper we find an article on "Eastbourne by Night." The writer should turn his attention to musical criticism of the gushing school. He says:—"Few expedients can be conceived of equal potency for ridding the mind of aught appertaining to earth, and raising the thoughts to that unlocated sphere which, with varying conceit, has fired the poets of all ages, than a stroll at that witching hour when daylight flies along the broad avenues—where, as viewed through the interlacing foliage of the gnarled trees, the electric lamps present the appearance of luminaries hung in space!" He adds: "The beautiful scene is one that must be drunk in in detail and piecemeal, reserving the full benefit of assimilation for a subsequent survey of their exquisite harmonisation." Nothing in Wagnerian journals has beaten this.

DR. STAINER, for the third time, acted as the Adjudicator in the choir contest held at the Crystal Palace, in connection with the National Temperance Fête, on July 10th. Fifteen choirs of about 100 voices each competed, each singing G. W. Martin's prize glee, "All hail, thou queen of night," and a piece of its own selection. The first prize was awarded to the Cardiff choir, and the second prize to the Manchester choir; the Bradford and Portsmouth choirs being bracketed for equal third prizes. Certificates of merit were awarded to the Leeds, South London, and Swansea choirs. The first prize in the Brass Band contest was won by the Nottingham Band, Wyke and West Houghton taking second and third. Mr. A. J. Phasey was Adjudicator. In the Drum and Fife Band contest, Mr. J. A. Smith adjudicated, awarding the three prizes to the Caroline Street (S.E.), London Telegraph, and Rastrick Bands. During the day, three great choral concerts took place, 5,000 different singers in each choir, and performances on the great organ were given by Messrs. Alfred Rhodes, Frederic G. Edwards, and W. H. Jude.

THE POET'S CORNER.

"MY LOVE."

FAIR is Spring's snowdrop-child
With palest face;
But fairer is my love;
For every grace
And gift that Nature could bestow,
In full perfection she doth know.

Rare is the pearl enclosed
In quaint device;
But rarer is my love;
She hath no price;
For none the value might declare
Of ought so strangely, richly rare.

Pure are those angel forms
That dwell above;
But purer still, methinks,
Than these, my love;
For midst life's ceaseless care and toil,
Sinless she dwells on sinful soil.

GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

THE many friends of Mr. Barnby will sympathise with him in the loss of his infant daughter, Edith Josephine.

ACCORDING to the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*, Mr. John Hullah is residing at Nice.

MR. CARL ROSA has engaged M^{me}. Marie Roze for eight months from the opening of his autumnal campaign.

M. SAINTON and M^{me}. Sainton-Dolby are holiday-making at their place, Chateau de Conteville, near Boulogne.

MR. VERNON RIGBY has been spending his holiday at the English Benedictine College, Douai, of which establishment his brother is a member.

MR. BARNBY has attended two of the performances of *Parsifal*, at Bayreuth. He purposes giving a recital of parts of the play at the Albert Hall next season.

M^{me}. WAGNER receives no visitors during the *Parsifal* season at Bayreuth. It is said that she has even declined an interview with her father, the Abbé Liszt.

It has been gravely said by, or for, Mr. Mapleson, that he intends opening the Opera House on the Embankment in May next. It is superfluous to add, *Nous verrons*.

A PICTORIAL supplement to the *Eastbourne Gazette*, published in connection with the late royal visit to the rising Sussex town, contains a good portrait of Mr. Julian Adams.

It is pleasant to hear from one's friends on the other side of the world. The *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* says:—"THE LUTE will rank with the best of similar English journals."

EVEN dead English composers are looking up. At the Leeds Festival madrigals by Linley and Wilbye will be performed; at that of Gloucester, anthems by Gibbons and Byrd.

At a meeting of the Council of the Tonic Sol-fa College, held on July 7, Mr. Henry Leslie was elected an honorary member. The motion was made by Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.

WELL found, if not true, is the story that when Lord Wolseley attended St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on a recent occasion, the anthem was Handel's "Egypt was glad when they departed."

THE military instinct seems to be hereditary. Mr. Henry Mapleson, son of Lieut.-Col. J. H. Mapleson, is now a captain in the Central London Rangers, or 7th Volunteer Battalion King's Royal Rifles.

THE proposed Saturday Evening Concerts at the Crystal Palace, to be given with some of the accessories familiar on the Continent, will be very enjoyable, provided the rough and his first cousin, the well-dressed cad, do not put in an appearance.

MR. F. COWEN is going to America for the winter. Amateurs wish this hard-working and earnest musician all success. As he is only a composer, he will not, we believe, be provided with a Cowen train drawn by an electro-plated engine.

THE gentleman who appeared at the Albert Hall lately as "Signor Scovello" is Mr. Edward Scovel, described in an American paper as "the handsome American who married Miss Roosevelt." This seems, just at present, his best title to fame.

DURING the forthcoming autumn a series of operatic performances will be given at the Crystal Palace under the direction of Mr. Faulkner Leigh. It is stated that Bennett's *May Queen* and Benedict's *Graziella* will be represented on the stage.

MUSIC seems really to be the food of love in Melbourne. The Philharmonic Society of that antipodean town had a "social evening" on May 31, with a promenade concert and dancing. How far would a social evening given by our own Philharmonic Society afford evidence of "peace and good will?"

WOLVERHAMPTON Triennial Festival, September 13th and 14th. Programme:—*Elijah*; *Mount of Olives*; "Messe Solennelle" (Gounod), "Alma Virgo" (Hummel); *Lady of the Lake* (Macfarren); *Jason* (Mackenzie). Artists:—Mesdames Williams, Davies, Patey, Emile Lloyd; Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, King, Foli. Conductor—Mr. Swinnerton Heap, Mus. Doc.

REPORTING the Handel Festival for a Scottish paper, Sir Herbert Oakeley says:—"It is refreshing to be reminded, at least once in three years, of the supremacy of Handel as a choral writer, and it is good 'to inhale his bracing mountain air. His music beats with the strong pulse of a wholesome humanitarian, universal feeling. No theme is too great for him; he moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea! His is music to make us grow strong as we sit and listen.' And in these latter days, during a prevalence of some music without form and void, like to—

'Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages which lead to nothing,'

the grand and broad Handelian strains and his superb counterpoint, now a neglected art, his marvellous power of word-painting, and of producing the greatest effects with the simplest means—in such times as these or 'Musikalische Krankheit' the grand old master's nobility of style and elevation of thought seem to give listeners special and renewed edification." We add "Amen" to this.

